

# THE GOAT

“A” “H Q” “B”



## ROYAL MONTHLY CHRONICLE CANADIAN DRAGOONS

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“He who has a thousand friends  
has not a friend to spare.”  
—Omar Khayyam

Never a Christmas morning  
Never the old year ends  
But Somebody thinks of Somebody  
Old days, old times, old friends.



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CHRISTMAS EVE  
A CARRYING PARTY UP TO  
THE GOOD OLD 16TH BATT.

STEENWERCKE  
3 KILOMETRES  
ALSO TO  
TWO NATIONS  
ESTAMINET

SOME LUCKY  
GUYS WENT  
"ON LEAVE"

POMME DE TERRE FRITE  
ON THE NEUVE EGLISE  
ROAD

GOOD OL' COLONEL

"MERRY  
CHRISTMAS  
MEN!"

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER  
"AND THIS IS WHAT THEY  
TOOK UP A SUBSCRIPTION  
FOR!"

CHRISTMAS OR NO  
CHRISTMAS THIS  
WAS A TASK JOB!

THE R.S.M  
AND HIS CUTE  
LITTLE LANTERN

CHOCOLAT  
MENIER!

SWE-E-EET  
AD-E-LI-HINE!

MUSIC!

SERGTS  
MESS

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND  
A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS  
NEW YEAR TO ALL COMRADES  
NEW & OLD EVERYWHERE  
Else Green Dec. 1928

# Personal & Regimental

We are glad to report that Capt. C. C. Mann, who suffered a painful accident at the Royal Winter Fair while jumping his horse Bronte, is almost well again.

Capt. J. Wood, and Lieut. E. W. H. Berwick, "A" Sqn. were visitors to Stanley Barracks during the Winter Fair, they look very fit and well. The St. Johns air seems to agree with them.

We were also glad to see Capt. W. E. Gillespie, up from Kingston, for a visit.

A detachment of fifty of all ranks from 'A' Sqn. proceeded to Montreal on Tuesday Dec. 5th under the command of Lt. Col. E. L. Caldwell which led the parade at the funeral of the late General Sir Arthur Currie, C.C.M.G., K.C., B. V.D., L.L.D. Commander-in-Chief of the Canadian Corps in France, and Principal and Vice-Chancellor of McGill University.

The party left the C.N.R. station by special train at 7.30 a.m. returning late the same evening.

Some of the former Royal Canadian Dragoons Officers noticed were Lt. Gen. Sir Richard Turner, V.C. Major-General J. H. MacBrien, Commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Major-General V. A. S. Williams, Commissioner of the Ontario Provincial Police and Major-General J. H. Elmsley, former D.O.C. M.D. No. 3.

## New York Horse Show

### Pairs of International Officers' Jumpers.

3rd—Capt. Mann on Margot and Lieut. Cleland on Roxana—1½ points. U.S.A. and Irish Free State tied for 1st and 2nd with 1 point each. Czecho-Slovakian and Swedish pairs 4th and 5th.

### Westchester Challenge Cup (Teams of Three)

1st—Canadian Army Team (1st

team) Capt. Hammond on Red Plume; Capt. Bate on Spats, and Lieut. Cleland on Roxana. Three clean performance.

2nd—Irish Free State (1st team)

3rd—Canadian Army Team, 2nd team) Capt. Hammond, on Kippendavie; Capt. Bate on Peggy McNeill and Capt. C. C. Mann, on Bronte.

Irish Team (1st Team) and Canadian Army (2nd Team) were tied for second place and tossed—the Irish Team won the toss and were placed second.

The Handy—Roxana jumped off twice—twice clear, but on time was not placed.

### Teams of Three International Officers, shown abreast

4th—Canadian Army Team—Capt. L. D. Hammond, Capt. C. C. Mann and Lieut. Cleland on Red Plume on Margot and Roxana.

### Teams of Four International Jumpers—

One following the other at a safe distance.

1st Canadian Army Team with the only perfect performance. Capt. Hammond on Red Plume; Capt. Bate on Spats; Capt. Mann on Bronte and Lieut. Cleland on Roxana.

### The Brooks-Bright Foundation Challenge Cup.

1st Canadian Army Team—Lt. Cleland on Roxana.

3rd—Canadian Army Team—Capt. Bate on Peggy McNeill  
4th—Canadian Army Team—Lieut. Cleland on Margot.

### \$1000 International Military Sweepstake

2nd—Canadian Army Team—Margot ridden by Lt. Cleland.

5th—Canadian Army Team—Spats ridden by Capt. Bate

6th—Canadian Army Team—ridden by Lt. Cleland.

### "The Racket" 5 foot Class

2nd—Canadian Army Team—Shaughraun ridden by Capt.

## GIFTS FOR MEN



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Mann.

4th—Canadian Army Team—Activity ridden by Lt. Cleland.

### International Military Individual Challenge Trophy.

4th—Canadian Army Team—Roxana ridden by Lt. Cleland.

### THE ROYAL WINTER FAIR, TORONTO.

### International Teams of 3 abreast

1st Top Wig—Lt. Cleland, G.G. B.G.; Bucephalus, Lt. Col. Timmis; Bronte, Capt. Hammond.

This team tied with Sweden and U.S.A. teams and won in the run off.

4th—Mike, Lt. Ardagh; Mussolini, Lt. Phillips, Dunadary, Lt. Cleland, G.G.B.G.

### International Broad Jump Course.

3rd—Spats, Capt. C. C. Mann, tied for 1st place and drew lots.

### International Handy Course

1st—Margot, Lt. Cleland, G.G. B.G.

### Open Officer's Chargers

2nd Gold Leaf—Lt. Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.

### Other Ribbons Won by R.C.D.

Open Light Weight Hunters—1st Golf Leaf—Lt. Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.

Canadian Officers' Jumping, 3rd—Red Plume, Captain Hammond.

Working Hunters—4th Mussolini, Lt. Phillips.

Open Green Hunters 5th Mike—Lt. Ardagh.



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## RESULTS OF N.C.O.'s AND TROOPERS' JUMPING

1st Tpr. W. A. Knight on Brandy,—B. 44.  
2nd—Sgt. F. A. Green, on Boxer,—B. 40.  
3rd—Tpr. J. H. Davidson, on Blackie —B. 40.  
5th—Cpl. Stafford—B. 96.  
6th—Cpl. Morgan, B. 112.  
(Decided after all three had tied for first place.)

### Results of Saddle Class

1st—Tpr. P. J. Lennon, on Joe,—B. 61.  
2nd—Tpr. P. J. Stratton on Buddy, B 79.  
3rd entry Swedish Army Team  
4th—Sgt. J. Langley, on Prince B. 78.  
5th S.S.M. Sayger on Boxer, B. 40.  
6th—Cpl. J. Siggins on Beaucaire B. 18.

### Military and Police Mounts

2nd Tpr. P. J. Lennon, on Joe B. 61.

## BRITISH ARMY TRUMPET FIELD CALLS

It will of interest to all soldiers to learn that The British Trumpet field calls were composed by Hayden and presented by him to George the Third in 1793. The Reveille is the call of Dedication whilst the Last Post is the call of Remembrance and this latter not be considered as the call of sorrow as the last note rises to a crescendo of glorious triumph.

We acknowledge with thanks the Canadian Defence Quarterly, The Household Brigade Magazine, The Eagle (Royal Dragoons) and the Connecting File.

## SABOURIN & SABOURIN

Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law

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## Sir Arthur Currie.

By courtesy of Montreal Daily Star

The passing of Sir Arthur Currie removes one of the noblest figures from the Canadian scene. Indeed, the feeling throughout the Dominion will be that Canada has lost her greatest citizen. Although he dies at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight, he has achieved for himself two outstanding careers. He has been literally what our hero-worshipping neighbours say of George Washington—"first in war and first in peace." He was the Canadian Commander-in-Chief in the Great War, and he has since been a distinguished principal of our greatest University.

Either achievement would have ranked him with the immortals. Canada will never forget the man who led her troops to victory, not only marshalling them against the foe, but fighting just as valiantly for their comfort in rest and their safety in action. All the courage in that struggle of Titans was not displayed on the battlefield. Sir Arthur was regarded wherever warriors met or statesmen wrangled as decidedly a man to be reckoned with.

When peace came, he remained still the champion of the "returned man". The soldier who happily survived—but unhappily did not always prosper—has never had a better, a more effective or a more persistent defender than his fellow-soldier who fought with him through the mud and blood of Flanders. Sir Arthur never forgot his comrades-in-arms. He never doubted their courage or fighting heart when there was fighting to be done. He ever ranked his Canadian first. But when the fighting was over and the turn of the sheltered civilian came to prove his gratitude, Sir Arthur was quite as determined that the evidences of this gratitude should be in some measure at least commensurate with the sacrifices and risks they were meant to mark.

But when the bugles sang 'truce' and the war was won—and the 'statesmen' had started to lose the peace—Sir Arthur turned back to civilian life. He was not content to remain a military hero in retirement. Under pressure, he took up the heavy and exacting task of

guiding McGill into the new day. In many ways, it proved to be harder than even the custodians of that great institution anticipated. But Currie soon proved that he was the man for the job. Nothing daunted him. His marked skill as a great executive came into play. His success in the peaceful and constructive field of higher education was as great—though on a smaller scale—as his outstanding success amidst the ghastly terrors of war.

One revelation of Sir Arthur's dynamic personality appeared in both fields. No man ever wrote or delivered more inspiring messages. His last speech—which the hand of fate prevented him from delivering in person—was one of the finest and most uplifting addresses to a mourning people ever couched in supremely fitting phrases. But he has always been capable of just such flights of matchless appeal. His message to the Canadian troops in the dark days of March, 1918 when the British front had broken and the French were falling back, when Haig admitted with grim candour that our "backs are to the wall," was one of the most thrilling army orders ever penned. It was worth battalions of fresh troops.

Sir Arthur shared with Abraham Lincoln the power of stripping his public utterances to the bare steel framework needed to carry his meaning. He lost no force in empty verbiage. His vital words vibrated with power. His messages to his fighting men read like Lincoln's Gettysburg speech which is today recognized as one of the greatest and most moving of human utterances. What Sir Arthur might have done for us in these depressing days of trial and discouragement, had he been permitted to offer the nation the unflinching leadership which he gave so potently to our soldiers, no one can now measure. Certainly he would not have lacked for initiative, for courage, for clearness, for inspiring appeal.

Now that he is gone, we have only his example, the memory of his personal magnetic touch, the record of his deeds, the repeated proofs of his courage—in peace as in war—to cherish among our greatest legacies from the past. He now belongs to history. But he has left us an imperishable inheritance in the thoughts he embalmed in his classic prose, backed by the weight of his impressive personality. Such

a man does not die. He will be remembered and quoted and recalled as an inspiration long after the men who talked with him and themselves passed from the scene. He becomes one of the imperishable possessions of the Canadian people.

As a Commander he left our Canada Land.

Beloved by all who behind him stand.

He has followed his men, so courageous and bold.

To rest with them in a Kingdom of Gold.

## MONUMENT TO WAR HEROES AT THE FAIR.

Courtesy of the Mail & Empire

No feature of this year's Royal Winter Fair has interested the great crowds in attendance to a greater extent than the daily parade and brief life histories of veteran war horses. Officers chargers who fought through the great world conflict on the western front and are now leading lives of ease through the gratitude of their owners. This parade has had such an emotional effect upon the daily throng that it has given birth to the idea of erecting a modest monument in honor of those steeds which died or were wounded during the war. The directors have announced their decision to proceed with such a project, and it is understood that the statue which will be of life size will be erected in the Exhibition grounds not far from the Coliseum where the Winter Fair is annually held.

## Cheerful Christmas Thoughts

Another blinking year has rolled around and here we are at the end of 1933. Much water has flowed under the interprovincial bridge and many things have happened.

The main thing to remember at this festive season is that although you may not feel any older than you did this time last year, yet you are still 365 days years nearer the grave.

"The present is merely an invisible bridge between that which has gone before and what which is to be

## "A" R.C.D. Serjeants Mess Notes.

This month the Mess has been a hive of industry, the Pool table has been brought from the large upstairs room back to its original place downstairs, additional shelves put in to accommodate the library, new drop lights over the pool table and also upstairs. The large room upstairs has been fixed with decorations and the floor prepared, with the view of using it for dances through the winter season.

The moving of the pool table was an excellent idea, as now it is used more, the main reason for this is because it is close to the 'Shrine of Bacchus,' 'And How' says Tupper.

Sqn. S.M. Harding paid a visit to H.Q. and 'B' Sqn. while on furlough and reports everything fine at Stanley Barracks.

F.Q.M.S. Hill "The Old Firm" has been on the sick list the last couple of months, and is now on sick furlough. We all wish him the best of luck, and hope to see him back again soon.

Ex-Farrier S.M. Simpkins, and Mr. Maudsley visited the Mess last month. We were all pleased to see them, Old Sim certainly looking very fit and we hope it won't be long before they come again.

On the 11th November, after the Armistice parade, a little celebration was held in the Mess, where members of the U.S. Army from Fort Ethan Allen were entertained. They had originally come to play the squadron at football, but on account of the field being covered with about six inches of snow, this was cancelled, but undoubtedly everyone had a good time in spite of the weather.

At present we have attached to

the Mess, Tp. Q.M.S. Bonnett, 4th Tp.Can. Signals and Sqn. S.M. Glasier of the New Brunswick Dragoons. They are attending the Royal School of Cavalry, with a view of qualifying for Warrant Officers Class II, Sgt. Jewkes also is attending the same course to qualify for serjeant. Best of luck Bill.

A new honorary member was welcomed to the Mess last month in the person of Mr. E. Berger, of St. Johns Que.

On the 24th November, the Mess held first dance of the season. The music was supplied by a sif piece local orchestra, under the able direction of Mrs. Gorman.

There was plenty of fun and excitement the whole evening, lots of tag dances and several of the ever popular "Paul Jones" where every body gets acquainted.

It was regretted that our C.O. Lt.-Col. Caldwell was unable to attend, being at the time on leave. He was admirably represented by Mrs. Caldwell, who was escorted by Major Hodson, officer commanding "D" R.C.D.

A good turnout was had, some 110 people being present, and it is hoped that a similar gathering will be present at the next dance, which is expected to be held on the 15th Dec.

Sgt. Bobby Blake, our able Mess caterer was kept busy and was certainly on the job, but was heard the next morning to remark, "Boy Oh Boy now my dogs do ache" Cheer up Bob, the first time is always the worst.

We are all pleased to see Mrs. Jewkes present and looking so well after her long illness and recent accident.

A young man being unemployed was being examined under the "Means Test": "Yoh're in lodging aren't you," said the chairman "Don't you think it would be far better if you were with your parents?"

"Yes, sir," replied the applicant, "I've often thought that."

"Ah, I thought so" said the chairman, "Now tell me young man, where are your parents?"

"In the cemetery, Sir," replied the young man.

## Garrison Billiard Tournament.

### Cavalry Barracks

How the Mighty have fallen! The Garrison Billiard Tournament which opened up hostilities on November the 18th eventually came to a close on Saturday November the 25th with Tpr. Ross (Jimmy to you) as champion. Tpr. Ross, who to our knowledge has not played billiards very much and lacks the experience of the other players, started in to show them what he could do in this noble art. In fact he improved so much that with the aid of his handicap he defeated such experts as Pte Swicker, R.C.A.S.C. Pte. Isaacs, R.C.A.M.C. and Pte. Cook, of the R.C.R.

The first game opened up with Tpr. Gardener, V.S., Tpr. Marshall. Marshall lacks the experience of of Gardener and was defeated by him.

/Cpl. McDonald and Tpr. Fournier were the next on the table, Tpr. Fournier turning out the winner.

Cpr. Russell and L/Cpl. Dobson, played the third game in which our "Rusty" won.

Tpr. Madden and Pte. Cook tangled cues for the next game. Madden who got tangled up a little too much was not in form so Cook walked away with the laurels.

Tpr. Staples and Tpr. Ross then went at it to see who would be the victor. Noppy was defeated, out dashing Jimmy proving the better man.

The second round of the tournament was headed by Tpr. Gardener and Tpr. Fournier Dave again emerging the victor.

Cpl. Russell and Pte. Cook played for the second game of the second round, this was "Rusty's" off night he was defeated by Cook who played a very clever game.

The third game of the second round was played by Pte. Swicker and Tpr. Ross, this was a very amusing game especially when young Swicker was defeated, he dashed off and had a Coca-Cola on the spot evidently to try and get straightened around. This was quite a surprise to Swicker as he is reputed to be the best player in Barracks. He was strongly advised

to take an aspirin with his Coca-Cola if it happens again. Pte. Isaacs and "Battling Dunk" R. C.D. finished the last game of the second round. This was without a doubt the finest game of the whole tournament, as the redoubtable Barny had a handicap of 120 to catch up. He played 220 to "Battlers" 100 and in spite of this the Poultry Walla" came out the winner.

At this stage of the game the tournament reached the semi-finals with Tpr. Gardener. Pte. Cook, Tpr. Ross and our old 'Poultry Walla' all set and ready to go.

The game was now at its peak, who was the winner? speculation was heavy, Pte. Isaacs and Pte. Swicker were picked out as the most likely. No one paid much attention to Jimmy Ross, we have a sneaking suspicion that that young man has been doing some quiet practice on the side with a broom handle and a golf ball. (One never knows.)

### Semi-Final

Tpr. Gardener and Pte. Cook, were the first to enter for the first game of the semi-finals, Cook playing in a very clever manner defeating Dave with ease.

Tpr. Ross and our old "Iodine Dabber" Barny were next to pick up the cues. This game was very interesting to watch as Ross, who seemed to improve considerably, defeated Barny who dashed over to the Hospital, took a box of aspirins, a bottle of Coca-Cola, and went to bed. Pte. Cook and Jimmy Ross then went into a huddle over the billiard table. Jimmy was now in top form, he certainly needed it as he was facing a very determined player, "As the old saying is "Practice makes perfect" and Jimmy's practice (as we think) with the old broom handle and golf ball convinced Cook that he was the winner so deciding that his defeat needed washing down, he joined the rest of the Coca-Cola drinkers in the Canteen.

The handicaps were as follows:

Tpr. Marshall	170
Tpr. Gardener	150
Tpr. Fournier	130
L/Cpl. McDonald	150
Cpl. Russell	220
L/Cpl. Dobson	140
Tpr. Madden	190
Pte. Stewart	190

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Pte. Swicker .....	250
Tpr. Staples .....	130
Tpr. Ross .....	100
Pte. Isaacs .....	220
Tpr. Dunk .....	100

These points which each player had to make were handicapped according to their ability and were considered fair judging by the comments that were passed by the spectators.

And so another billiard tournament has come to a close, this was a great success, all kinds of good clean fun being obtained from it.

A man took his wife on a visit to Paris. Neither had been to the French Capital before, so they began treating themselves to a good dinner.

Towards the end of the meal the man was telling his wife, that her French pronunciation was all wrong and that she shouldn't say "Merci" as if it were the English word "Mercy."

"Now I'll give that waiter a ten franc note 'he told her' and you listening carefully."

He handed the man the ten francs and the reply was "Thanks very much, Sir."

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## Toronto Notes.

### One "Royal Night."

Everyone goes to the Royal Winter Fair some time, and some people, and quite a few animals, go there all the time. So it came to pass that we put some white blanco on the collar of our one shirt, and went across, with our gloves in our hand and no cane, to conduct a personal reconnaissance of the many attractions which the papers made so much of. Since it was early when we arrived, and the activities in the ring consisted of some very benevolent gentlemen thumbing a flock of various cattle, we first made a tour of the Annexes. We saw, among other things millions of apples, miles of onions on strings, whole acres of wheat done up in bundles of fifty, and several young mountains of butter, all of which made us think that here indeed was a land flowing with milk and honey, the milk being F.O.B. cow. Continuing our investigations, we visited the famous Walker House gold-fish exhibit, and watched the fish that has been on Piquet since last year. This fish walks up and down a board walk, and altho' we were charged a small contribution, and waited for almost an hour, we did not see a change of sentries. Another famous fish, spends most of its time jumping over a low hurdle, and 'tis said that it expects to make the international team next year. By this time, the ring activities had donned a more promising appearance, and so we entered the ring proper, just in time to see those iron constitutioned lads in blue bringing in a jump course. As usual they all displayed a passion for trees, but they were kept well in hand by their "foremen" who were recruited from Barracks. It is in this ring, or so we are told, that the Fair makes all its money, and there were many generous contributors that evening, whose entrance fees went for nought. This class finished, we next witnessed a parade of livestock, massive bulls, and meek cows were then led into the ring and with much bellowing, put on a sort of musical ride at the walk. I think it was the 'spiral' that they did so well, while rotund butchers hung over the boards with

their tongues hanging out, thumbing the edge of the board as if testing a knife. We heard many remarks such as "That's a nice bit of brisket" and "good sausage stuff" as we mingled freely with the crowd and then the parade miraculously unwound itself, and wormed its way out of the ring again. At this time we were forced to return to stables, but soon were back in the hitching ring. The activities of those employed here brought cries of admiration from men on the Ride, and even "we" sighed with pleasure when we saw one of them jump onto the rear of wagon to untie the number, which was fastened on behind. This operation took him the entire length of the hitching ring, and when he dismounted at the far end, he waited for ten minutes before he could bum a ride on the "Harness Pony" class which followed, and so get back to his desk. These men are surely worth their salt, and perhaps a little vinegar too, for altho' they seldom say much more than "Whasyournumber" and "Don't forget where you got it," they always have enough numbers to go around. The Musical Ride earned loud applause from the great crowd, and then we had another short session in stables. After shaking the tan-bark from our eyes, and brushing a little dirt off our boots, we returned yet again, for we had not seen all. We were just in time to witness the performance of 'Haystacks', the Robot horse and we were keenly disappointed. We had heard that this beast was most conversational, and said among other things, "I yamma lonely cowboy, and they took all me bulls," and also that it was quite spry for an animal of such size. It was led into the ring by several of the blue-clad boys, who looked as if they liked the word, and then Haystack hung his head as if he had colic. To judge by the number of acrobats who emanated from his mouth, he must at least have suffered from indigestion. His cargo unloaded, Haystack was led back into his hanger, and this was apparently the signal for the acrobats to go quite mad. After one of their number had obligingly let the other twelve walk all over him while he stood on his own feet, they dashed madly about the ring, hurling themselves into the air with rare abandon, while the one clown made

graceful movements with his hat which did not cause a great deal of laughter. After this troupe had worn themselves to shadows, a large Acme Dairy truck was led in, and just as we were prepared to witness a mechanical cow, or something like it, the lights went out, and we saw a fellow talk to us, from the Royal York Hotel. It was our first experience with television, and it certainly was a bit of a right. Several musical numbers were offered, and the artists were clearly visible. The International Officers were then officially welcomed, although we are almost forgetting the G.G.B.G. mounted band, the only one of its kind in captivity. We believe they went immediately back into retirement after their appearance, and we certainly saw a great deal of white faces, not all on the horse either. However with constant practise this organization will have a band to be proud of and should prove a real addition to the Garison.

The international officers jumping was next, and we saw some really spectacular jumping. Six horses were tied with clean performances, and after several jump-offs, two were still tied, and they tossed up for it, with the result that Lt. Ranguse of the U.S. team won first place, while Lieut. Sachs of the Swedish Army was second. We had heard a lot about one of the Czech horses, and so we were in the hitching ring as it was saddled. Two men hold it down on either side, with ropes, while the horse strains itself in an effort to break loose, and then, when all is clear, everyone lets go, and the horse starts off like a shot from a gun. However there must have been something wrong with the powder that night. We were particularly struck with the riding of the Swedish Officers, and with "Judge" one of their horses, the personal property of the Crown Prince of Sweden, and we saw many familiar faces amongst the Irish Free State contingent. After the International, interest seemed to lag, and so we sallied forth once more, our thirst for more thrills being strong within us. Passing through the Eastern Annex, we thought we saw some very attractive cuspidors, which upon closer inspection proved to be Austin cars. We saw some very small radios, which could easily be car-

ried in a haversack, and going upstairs, we were greeted by Reveille, from the lusty voices of some thousand cockerels, and "Soups On" rendered by as many hens. The noise made us think our own trumpeters were giving us mess-call for a change, and so we didn't stay long. The Dog show was our next stop, and here we saw more varieties of dogs than we ever thought existed. We were particularly struck with some old English Sheep-dogs who go around look-benevolent, and a trifle hazy. Some of these have so much wool over their eyes that we feel sure that the well known expression about being "all wool and a yard wide" originated here. We saw some real Sherlock-Holmsey looking blood-hounds, and also a Dachund three feet long, with a swastika on its port bow, the swastika had been carefully executed by means of an oil rag, and looked real Hitlerish. Delving still further into the pot-pourri attractions we visited the live stock department where we saw many tons of beef in bed, and as it was now almost midnight we felt a trifle sleepy ourselves, and so returned to our own domicile.

The fair this year is apparently to be a great success, to judge by the immense crowds at the Coliseum daily. The exhibits according to the papers exceed those of other years, and interest in this Show of Shows is greater than ever. Just before we "turned in" we visited the Cattle Judging Ring, as it lay in our path, and here we were surprised to see many men in shirt sleeves, heaving horse-shoes, and indulging in tobacco-spitting competitions. We were naturally curious to find out why the activities were so late in terminating, and when we politely inquired of another spectator who was composing himself for sleep on a bundle of old newspapers, he told us that these two had been throwing "ringers," one after another, since ten that morning in order to settle a semi-final match which had started the day before. And we once fancied ourselves as a pitcher of horseshoes.

J. B. H.

Rudyard Kipling has written many poems extolling Army life, We wonder if he even went to stables.

## Here and There.

Merry Christmas to all our readers...we almost said supporters, but since our only supporters are our garters we feel sure the sentiment would be wasted there.... The Royal is over, and much is written about same elsewhere in this issue, so we will curtail our remarks to a few cursory ones....our desk is piled high with the combined efforts of our staff heavily bolstered for the Xmas Number, and we have a great time sorting out the wheat from the chaff and throwing away the wheat.....Joe (Willis to you) has a bad attack of 'Signature Sciatica' and is learning to write with his left hand until the rubber stamp comes in....der foist troop stooges KAP and MAK were awarded foist prize of a paper plaque for having the most Homelike Tea School.....since this item came in, the School has been abandoned, and so they will have to rest on their laurels..... Albert and Alf, those Hypotenusing experts are having a great time at school.....Albert, who finished well up in the 5-mark-and-under Class at a recent test says he expects to graduate in time to get his pension while Alf, who led the parade in the minus 5-and-below Class says he is just waiting for the remainder to catch up with him.....George (ABCD) etc. has gone in for team work with a vengeance.... nothing pussional meant George.....hearty congrats.....we all knew (except Albert and Alfie) that Alfred burnt the cakes way back, but how many of us know who burnt the Spuds?.....we did a bit of secret training for the Marathon during a recent Parade, only to find that it was no secret, as everyone else, more or less was doing the same thing....it was a sad sight after the first furlough to see so many of the Old Sweats falling by the wayside, or dropping back as rear files, etc.....our arrival at the Place of Parade was a most inspiring event.....a goodly crowd, apparently tired of waiting were standing with tired looks on their faces, and some very weak looking knees when our outriders, probably Jock and Little Joe turned the corner to be almost immediately followed by our main body who formed

ed up very much out of breath, and the crowd woke right up, and looked almost eagerly in the direction from whence we had come....after a slight pause, they were our rear-pointers, connecting files, and other 'attached' arrived, also rather winded....there was a longer pause, and then our neighbors did not stay with us, but then it is generally known that they seldom hurry unless dressed in shorts, and not a very great deal even then (see Result of Camp Dis-mounted Sports 1931-32-33).....our return to Barracks was much more decorous until the Command "Fall Out the Married Personnel" so depleted our ranks that the remainder weren't enough to make a goal fatigue look easy.....and from there we go into the midst of the Committee for the Adjustment of Musical Rides (without portfolio, permission, and with very little sense)....this body is presided over by the invincible Connie....according to Oswald, our star reporter, who wormed his way into one of the so-secret meetings, a resolution was passed "that several Three Star Gasoline Signs be procured as markers for the Shanghai Cross"—in response to loud cries of "Give us the Classics," the No. ten room radio has opened up again....no, we are not referring to "Apple Joe" (Willis to you) nor to the Baron who has been unusually silent of late.....and now to the honorable mentions.... Several Huzzahs, and a Good King Wenceslas for Chopper Knights who rode to fame and victory in the N.C.O's jumping, defeating such foreign entries as Charlie, and Battleship, to say nothing of the six Bears.....and a loud noise please for Jinky and Davey who finished second and third respectively.....we thought that Davey's first performance the best of the lot, and many other celebrated critics agreed with us....ahem....we are sceptical about writing about our Officers in this column.

.....for you know, we must eat.....however, their performances at the Royal were of the best, and with a badly crippled team, they covered themselves with glory....we saw the judging of the Charger class,.....and we haven't yet seen the N.C.O's and troopers classes.....we would not be very surprised to see someone ride "Haystack" to victory in this event, but perhaps we will be able to report on that later.....and so another year draws to a close....much has happened since we last burned the old Yule Log. (or was it coke), and much matter has passed through these columns..... occasionally we hear some snorts of disapproval, mostly from the horses, with reference to our rather candid remarks in this column....but we know that if the item is accepted in the same spirit with which it is written....there will be no hard feelings.... but.... we are getting maudlin.....no attitude to adopt with the festive season so close.....we are taking lessons from Joe (Willis to you) who claims that he can, at one fell swoop, drain a quart bottle of beer.....the secret being, that you first pour the beer into a shallow basin, and then literally pour it into you, through your mouth, eyes, nose and ears.....what a brain....at our last rehearsal, the "one fell swoop" racket met with defeat, probably because we were practising with someone else's beer.....and, now, you may heave vast sighs of relief....it is safe to give vent to your innermost feelings.....you can once again act naturally, and do what you choose.....our senior Sergeant can pour tea at all hours of the day.....even Duff can come back.....Kap and Mak can mingle freely and give vent to that brotherly love which each bears for the other.....Albert, is allowed to give free rein to his "Impossible Possibilities".....and all those Barrack celebrities can breathe ea-

## Officers and men

support an old comrade by purchasing your drugs and toilet articles at

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Richelieu St.

Phone 582

St. Johns

sily for a short time..... which being interpreted means that we are going on furlough....but?... ..we'll be back.....Thanks.

J. B. H.

## Random Remarks.

By Contributor

MAK, and his theme song "Cap-py put the kettle on, and may be we can bum a bit of Tea" are becoming increasingly popular in First Troop. And tis said that Cap-py gets all kinds of time "at the rear" for this same purpose.

Harry's Beautiful romance in Buffalo, has died a natural death. It was never thought that this would survive a Black Watch Dance anyway.

Number Ten Room actually had a distribution of two-by-four this month. The Baron (H.H.) must be well stocked up with pyjamas, etc. this could never have occurred.

George (ABCD) says that burnt potatoes, although slightly black, taste like the very best of French Fried when served by a certain person.

Albert (The Bold,) who has been "hypotenusing" with a Alfie for the last few weeks, is slowly coming back to normal. His many friends in and around stables welcome this item of good news with mixed feelings, saving their expressions of joy for the time when he passes his examinations. The last is expected to occur around the early fall of 1941.

That cow-punching, steer-throwing, rough-riding, polo-playing, recruit in No. 10 Room was initiated into the mysteries of disciplinary action recently when he allowed his many activities (and qualifications) to interfere with his duties as room orderly.

'Connie' who has never made a mistake on a Ride, (nor in picking yesterdays winners) says that if there were only thirty-one other riders like himself, the ride would be a tremendous success. That it would be "tremendous", goes without saying.

Komo, so called after the town which was named after him, ex-

periences pangs of jealousy when he witnesses the continued successes of Lancelot. This Old Soldier Stuff, is the bunk Komo, we agree with you.

## ACROSTIC OF APPRECIATION TO GENERAL SIR A. CURRIE

Grief and depressing gloom has deeply touched us all.  
Encircling every living soul in Montreal.

No one who knew Sir Arthur's stirring worth

Expects to meet his equal here again on earth.

Rare qualities had he to quickly organize.

A man of keen perception, truly great and wise.

Leading his men against the bitterest foe.

Soldiers have for ages got to fear, so

Inducing them to hold this hard won ground

Retreating not but looking calmly round.

Advancing yet again towards his cherished goal.

With earnest hope within his heart and soul.

Confident that success would come his way

Upon the close of each successive fray.

Reducing Fritzzy to a state of dread and fear.

Rendering him powerless to again appear

In former confidence, with piercing sting.

Excelsior Sir Arthur—The King  
—God Save the King!

Q.M.S. D. W. MADGE,  
No. D C.M.S.C.

St. Johns Military Hospital

## NEWS OF OTHER DAYS DAYS TEN YEARS AGO

Taken from items in "The Goat" December 1923.

Brigadier-General C. J. Armstrong, C.B., C.M.G., made his annual inspection of Cavalry Barracks on November 9th. After the dismounted parade in the afternoon General Armstrong presented the Long Service Medal to the following W.O. and N.C.O's.—Q.M.S.I. J. H. Dowdell, R.C.D., (I.C.) who joined the Regiment February 17th, 1905.

Sergeant J. King R.C.D.

who joined the 5th Irish Lancers on February 2nd 1901 and served with that unit until Feb. 21 1913. He then joined the Royal Canadian Dragoons on March 12, 1913, and on September 24th, 1914 signed on with the R.C.D., C.E.F. serving overseas until July 7th, 1919.

Sgt. F. P. Hanaghan, and Cpl. A. Bentley, D.C.M.

Major W. Baty, Major F. Sawers, M.C., Sgt. Hallet, J. M. Cpl. E. J. Manning, and Cpl. F. W. Harding are attending a course at the Canadian Small Arms School, Ottawa.

Capt. M. H. A. Drury and Sgt. R. Davis, have returned from the Small Arms School Ottawa.

Sgt. J. Hallet 'B' Sqn. R.C.D. did the best shooting of all who attended the Canadian School of Small Arms at Connaught Ranges Ottawa, this year.

The following is a line up of the football game played between H.Q. M.D. No. 4 and the Sgts. Mess, R. C.D. Score 3-1 in favour of the "Draggs."

Sgts. Mess.—Sgt. H. P. Hanaghan, goal; Sgt. W. Campbell, S. S.M. C. Smith, backs; Tommy Howe, Captain; Sgt. Inst. G. C. Hopkinson, S.M.A. J. Mountford, half backs; Q.M.S.I. A. M. Doyle, Sgt. J. Langley, Sgt. T. Sheehy, S. Q.M.S. J. Snape, Sbt. J. King, forwards. Reserves—Q.M.S.I. J. H. Dowdell, and S/Sgt. 'Nobby' Ellis.

The following is the line-up the return game when the Sgts. Mess journeyed up to Montreal to play H.Q. M.D. No. 4.

Score H.Q. 2—R.C.D. 2.  
R.C.D.—Sgt. Langley, goal, S. S.M. Smith, Tommy Howe, backs Q.M.S. Mauchan, S.M.A., Mountford, Sgt. Inst. Hopkinson, half-backs, Sgt. King, S. Q.M.S. Snape, Sgt. Sheehy, S/Sgt. Hill, Q.M. S.I. Doyle, forwards.

## HISTORY OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

We regret very much that owing to the late arrival of the copy we are unable to include the seventh installment of the History of the Royal Canadian Dragoons in this issue. (Editor.)

## "A CLEAN PAIR OF HEELS"

Leading Article in the Toronto "Globe" Nov. 27, 1933.

When Canadian Cavalrymen and their mounts win an international jumping contest, the event is worthy of special attention. This happened at the Royal Winter Fair on Friday evening in the competition for army horses ridden three abreast, one of the most picturesque and difficult performances in its kind of sport.

Contending for first honors were the highly trained representatives of the Irish Free State, home of famous leppers; Sweden and the United States. So close was the competition that three of the teams had to meet in a jump-off, and this the Canadians won. The result aroused great enthusiasm. It had been rather taken for granted that cavalry officers and their mounts from countries older in Military experience should excel in such a jumping event, but instead each stout Canadian steed showed to the visitors the proverbial "clean pair of heels."

Clever jumping horses splendidly ridden may not in a material sense, be a great national asset; but there are things other than big business and industrial supremacy of which is people may be proud, and among these are the Canadian Army horses and military men, who have shown the world how to get over the jumps—a very desirable ability during these rather hard times.

Old lady (to soldier): "So you have come back from the Front." perhaps you have met my son he's at the front."

Soldier: "May be, what's his name and regiment?"

Old lady: "I can't remember his regiment, but his name is Smith.

Soldier: "That won't help me much, what rank?"

Old lady: "Oh, he's a General."

Soldier: (in surprise) A General are you quite sure?"

Old lady: "Well, not quite, but he's either a General or a Corporal, "I know there's a 'ral' in it."

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we....er....well..... that remains to be seen. We may get away with it. (Mens Mess Staff please note.)

Jim, Jim, Jim, you blooming billiard sharker Trooper Jim,  
You'd better put some gild on it  
or you'll lose the blooming game,  
You blooming billiard sharker  
Trooper Jim.

For he never did before on the table make a score,  
But he licked the blooming lot who thought that he could not,  
And for his swanking way, Pte. Isaacs had to play,  
This blooming billiard sharker  
Trooper Jim.

But in the final of the day, our Jimmie had to play.  
Pte. Cook, the champion of the R.C.R.

But for all the tricks he knew  
He found the tournament was through,  
Who won? Why, our blooming billiard sharker, Trooper Jim.

#### Noticed in the Paper

The bride looked very attractive in a bridal bouquet of white roses, sweet peas, and lillies of the valley.

Mrs. Beardley has cast off clothing of every kind and invites an early inspection.

#### Card of Thanks

We wish to thank the many friends for the sympathy and for their assistance in the death of my husband.

There is a story of Lord Rosslyn having applied to Beaconsfield for the post of Master of the Buckhounds. "No, No," said the Prime Minister "That would never do, your language is much too strong for that. But if you like I'll make you High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland." So the appointment was actually made.

"So you want to join the Army, fer how long?"

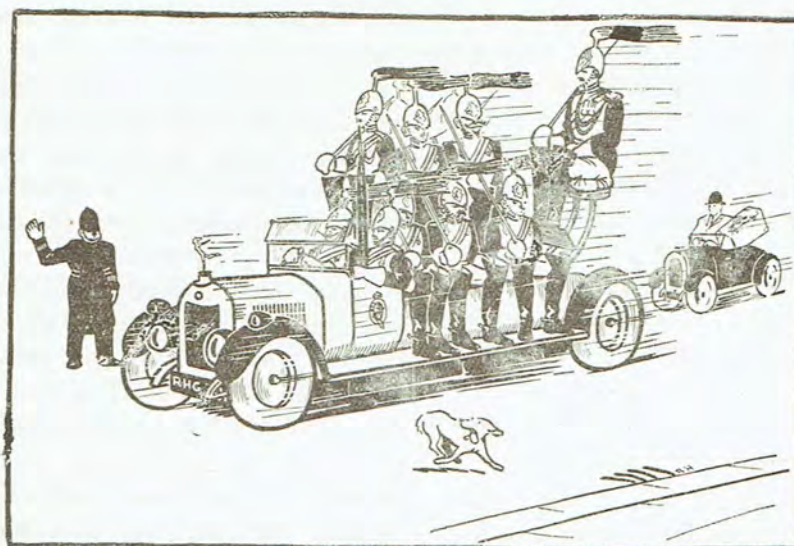
"Duration."

"But there ain't any war on."

"I know, I mean the duration of peace."

Wife: "The maid has just given her notice, she said that you spoke insultingly over the phone to her yesterday."

Husband: "Great Scott, I thought I was speaking to you."



What we expect to see in 1950.

## The Thoroughbred Horse.

It is a surprising fact that a great number of our so-called horsemen are at their wits' end when asked what a thoroughbred horse is. Not infrequently do we hear the term "thoroughbred" applied to dogs, cattle, and almost every species of animal that is domesticated and bred. Probably the greatest lack of knowledge is displayed on this continent mainly because the home of the thoroughbred as we know it is in England.

Without delving into the remoter history of the thoroughbred we may safely say that the first records of horse pedigree were published in 1791 in what is called the General Stud Book. This book was published by a Mr. J. Weatherby, and contained the pedigree of almost every horse and mare that performed on the turf for several decades. This gentleman accumulated these records with no other object in view than his own private amusement. However it was accepted as a valuable help by the better class horse breeders, as a means of eliminating faulty and inaccurate pedigree.

To enter a horse in the stud book the owner had to satisfy the Editors, who held the sole rights to admit or exclude any horse, that the horse's pedigree could be traced on both sire's and dam's side without any flaw, to horses and mares that had already been registered. In this way, no horse or mare could be sold as a thoroughbred unless qualified by the

Stud Book, and anyone attempting a false trade was liable to action for damages.

How far back the thoroughbred strain goes is difficult to determine. However, much research on the part of prominent horsemen has proved that Eastern blood was in great prominence. The importation of Arab horses probably began with the Crusade, although careful research has proved that Markman Arabian was the first Arab horse in England. Unfortunately there is no record of any stock that was sired by this horse. The names of Byerly Turk Godolphin Arabian and Darby Arabian are closely linked with the beginning of the Stud Book. Likewise, Bucephalus and Eclipse, the latter probably the greatest horse of all time, are two more horses who sired many winners.

Today, a horse described as a thoroughbred must be entered in the General Stud Book which is recognized by every Government and horse institution all over the world. That is to say, every thoroughbred's pedigree can be traced back without a flaw to the horse or mare listed in the General Stud Book compiled by Weatherby in 1791.

J. D. S.

Soldier (in hospital) "Yes, Mum shot right through here I was."

Old Lady: "But my good man, this is impossible, the bullet would have gone right through your heart."

Soldier. "No, Mum, My heart was in my mouth."

## COOKING RECIPES

**Bread Pudding**—Gather up all the chunks of bread that have been left over on the plates for the past week and dump them into a bucket of water. Let them soak over night and in the morning pound into a pulp with the butt end of an empty beer bottle. Take a handful of plums and chuck into the mess. Stir with a big spoon a pan and stick it into the oven, and add a little sugar. Dump into As soon as it begins to look a trifle less disgusting, take it out and serve as bread pudding.

**Rabbit Stew**—Take a good fat cat and give it a bat over the head in the cellar. Remove the skin and dismember with a sharp knife. Put in pan with a little water and allow to simmer slowly for a couple of hours. Season to taste.

Three or four dashes of gum syrup,  
One dash of Boker's bitters,  
One wine glass of brandy,  
Two dashes of Curacao  
One dash of lemon juice

First, mix the ingredients in a small tumbler, then take a fancy red wine-glass, rub a slice lemon around the rim of the same and dip it into pulverized sugar, so that the sugar will adhere to the edge of the glass. Pare half a lemon the same as you would an apple (all in one piece,) so that the paring will fit into the wine glass. After shaking up the crusts with ice, strain it into the wine-glass from the tumbler. Then smile.

But the chances are ten to one that we won't if these cooling recipes are carefully followed out.

Sergeant: (to School Cadets) "Now get this straight, you lads, Always hold a salute until it is returned." (The next day a cadet nearly froze to death in front of a monument waiting for a return salute.)

Recruiting Sergeant: (to weedy looking specimen who wishes to join the Army) "but you don't look the type that could do much fighting."

Weedy Specimen: "What d'you mean fighting what's the League of Nations for?"

## The Complete Riding School Master.

(By the Courtesy of the Eagle).

The scene is a Riding School Manage on one of the dark and dusty plains of India. In the centre of the manage stands the villain of the piece, the Riding Master.

He wears a crown on his sleeve, tight breeches, vicious spurs and a sable mouches his right hand toys with a long whip his left twists his moustache. He looks for all the world like a lion tamer about to make his animals perform their tricks.

His victims, a dozen promising young recruits are mounted on animals who have spent most of their soldiering in the Riding school now and again they wink at the Riding master and he winks back at them.

Suddenly the Riding Master clears his throat. At the sound thereof the horses cock their ears and their riders' grab handfuls of leather and hair.

R.M. "Now quietly away..... tra-a-ot" the horses break into a slow jog trot and the recruits into a cold perspiration.

R.M. "Sit down, sit up, 'Ollow yer backs, keep the 'ands down, backs foremost, even pace. Number two 'ollow yer back don't sit hunched up like you'd over-ate yourself. Number seven don't throw yourself about in that drunken manner, you'll miss the saddle altogether presently coming down can't expect the 'orse to catch you every time.

Number three, don't flap yer helbows like an 'en, you aint laid any heggs, 'ave you?

"Ollow yer backs 'eads up eels down four feet from nose to crop."

"Number one, keep your feet back, you'll be kicking that mare's teeth out you will."

"Come down off is 'ead number seven; this aint a monkey 'ouse."

"Keep a light an' even feeling on both reins, backs of the 'ands foremost, four feet from nose to crop. 'Leggo that mare's tail number seven; you're goin' not coming and any 'ow that mare likes to keep 'er tail to 'erself. You've upset 'er now the tears is fair streaming down 'er face.. 'ave

a bit a feeling for a pore dumb beast.

"Ollow yer backs, even pace, grip with the knees, shorten yer reins, four feet from nose to croup. Number eight, restrain yerself me lad you aint shadow-sparrin' yer know. You too Number nine; if yer don't calm yer action a bit you'll burst somethin'."

Now remember, a tight feelin' of the right rein and pressure of the left leg. Ride ....Wa-a-lk! Return! 'Alt.... pare to S'mount .....S'mount."

Dismount I said number five; that means get down, No, don't dismount on the flat of yer back me lad, it don't look nice. "Now listen to me while I enumerate the parts of a horse in language so simple any fool can understand.

This'll always be useful to you, for if he loses one of 'is parts you will know 'ow to indent for a new one.

"The 'orse 'as two ends a fore-end, so called from its tendency to go first and an 'ind end or rear rank. The 'orse is provided with two legs at each end which can easily be distinguished, the fore-legs bein' straight and the 'ind legs 'avin' kinks in 'em." As the 'orse does seventy five per cent, of 'is dirty work with 'is 'ind legs it is advisable to keep clear of 'em.

"The legs of the 'orse is very delicate and liable to crock up, so don't trim off any unsightly knobs; a little of this 'as bin known to spoil an 'orse for good.

"Next we come to the 'ead. On the South side of the 'ead we discover the mouth which is constructed for eating his victuals and also for 'is rider to 'ang on by.

"As the 'orse does the other twenty five per cent. of 'is dirty work with 'is mouth it is advisable to keep clear of that as well. "In fact what with 'is mouth at one end and 'is legs at the other, the middle is the only safe spot of the 'orse and that is why we place the saddle there. Heverything in the Harney is done with a reason. "And now number ten tell me what color is yer 'orse?

A. Chestnut.

"No 'e aint no chestnut and never was, no, nor raspberry roan neither; 'e's a bay.

"Ow often must I tell you that a chestnut 'orse is the colour of

lager beer, a brown 'orse the colour of draught ale and a black 'orse the colour of stout."

"Now, stan' to yer 'orses, 'pare to mount, MOUNT. "There yer go number seven, up one side an' down the other. Try to stop in the saddle for a minute if only for the view. You'll get yerself 'urted one of these days dashing about all over yer 'orse like that; and s'posin' you was to break yer neck, who'd get into trouble? ME, not you. 'Ave a bit a consideration"

Now steady! Ride re-turn, walk march. Tra-a-oot. Helbows slightly touching the ribs, your ribs, not the 'orse's number three."

"Shorten yer rein, 'eels down, 'eads up, 'ollow yer backs, four feet from nose to croup."

"Get off that mare's neck number seven and try ridin' in the saddle for a change. You ought to do Cowboy stunts for the Movin' Pictures number six, you ought really; people would pay money to see you ride a 'orse upside down like that. Got a strain of wild Cossack blood in you I suppose.

"There you are, now you've been and fell off; nice way you repay me for all the patience and learning I've given you."

"What are you lying there for? Day Dreaming. "Ridecanter! He cracks his whip; the horse throw up their heads and break into a canter, the riders turn pea-green, let go the reins and clutch their saddles. The leading horse finding his head free at last and being heartily fed up with the whole business bolts out of the manage for the stables, hotly pursued by his eleven companions who shed some of their riders as they go.

The deserted Riding Master dams his eyes and blesses his soul for a few moments and then wanders off for breakfast muttering. "Soldiering was a very different thing when I joined the Regiment."

By a Worn Out R. I.

"Well done, Sandy," said the aviator. "You did well to say nothing."

"Aye, Mon. but I nearly spoke once."

"When was that?"

"When the wee wife fell out" remarked Sandy.

## ANOTHER SCOTCH ONE

Scene—Stanley Barracks

### One Bottle of Brown October and Cigar

Mac. The Caterer—"I have got some good sample cigars here. Willie, 10 cents or 3 for 25 cents."

Willie—"All right, let's try one."

Mac—"That will be 25 cents."

Enter Monty: "That's a good cigar that you're smoking, Willie."

Mac—"Yes, they are, I have a good lot for you to choose from all brands, all sizes, all makes, 10 cents straight."

Enters Pete: "How do you like the cigars?"

"Fine."

"A really good cigar."

"Yes."

Willie. "But Pete you don't smoke cigars, so how do you know that they are good ones."

Pte "Well, I brought a dozen down here from home and gave them to Mac to give to the boys who smoke them."

Willie and Monty (together)—What the Hell, are you talking about? We have just bought these cigars from J.Y."

Scene—Stockbrokers office

Montreal, the morning of November 11th.

Stockholder sitting in office reading "Gazette" the charwoman busy dusting the desk.

Stockbroker to charwoman: "Marie, the war has finished."

Charwoman: "What da yer mean, has finished?"

Stockbroker: "Take a look at the paper" (points his finger to headlines "Germany asks for Armistice") "There it is don't you see?"

Charwoman: "Thank goodness my brother can come home now."

Stockbroker: "I did not know you had a brother in the war?"

Charwoman: "War, no fear, he was up in the bush."

1st Trooper: "Say, have you heard that Ed. Smith has got the D.C.M."

2nd Trooper: "What for?"

1st Private: "I dunno."

2nd Trooper: "Blimey, why ain't I got one too, I hid in the same trench."



## Fragrantly Yours

Ogden's Fine Cut is the signature of true "roll-your-own" satisfaction ... of easier rolling and smoother smoking.

Ogden's Fine Cut and "Chantecler" papers ... that's a combination worth trying to! Any man who's tried it will tell you it's a guarantee of really better and more satisfying cigarettes.

**SAVE THE POKER HANDS**

# OGDEN'S

## FINE CUT

Your pipe knows Ogden's Cut Plug.

## Epsom in Winter.

From The Rider and Driver

In winter the English course on Epsom Downs is deserted. The caretaker in the stand a few occupants of the Downs Hotel, and a couple of trainers are all of the people located near the Derby course.

To a Canadian it does not look like a race track. There is no outside fence. The public can come and go where or when it pleases on race day or any other day except in the stand and betting enclosure. The broad strip of turf which is enclosed as a course follows the natural lay of the land. It is of an up and down hill variety. From Tattenham corner, where the American-bred horse "Sir Martin," fell when he looked like a winner, the grade is up hill to the finish. It is located a short distance above the stand. The ascent continues from that point until near the turn opposite the Downs Hotel.

As it sweeps off to the left there is a dip to a clump of trees. They are near the starting point of the Derby. From there there is a step ascent on which the spectators in the stand can get a splendid view of the horses as they race to the turn and down the grade which carries them to Tattenham corner.

In January the course was as green as an American pasture field in May. The grass was short. The blossoms of a few dandelions could be seen at intervals between the gate leading out of the betting enclosure and the point where the judge's box is located. Opposite the latter and on the inside of the latter and on the inside of the course is a broad white board with a black line in the centre. It is the finishing point, and is far enough away from the stand to prevent anyone disputing the returns.

The stand at Epsom Downs is a large building equipped with a number of steps and verandahs which are divided into boxes. It can, with the seats on the roof, accommodate between seven and eight thousands people. The balance of the spectators on Derby Day occupy temporary stands or are scattered over the high ground outside or inside the course.

The interior of the stand is divided into rooms which are used for offices or the sale of refreshments, although the latter is well taken care of by a four-storey restaurant which was built in 1914. It is a long and almost as high as the grandstand. In the interior of the stand printed lists of the box holders in 1924 were still posted on the large pillars on the different floors.

The royal apartments are the shown place in the stand at Epsom. They are on the third floor and consist of a kitchen, dining room, reception room and other rooms which have all the modern conveniences of a first-class hotel. In the walls of the reception room are a number of stained-glass windows. On the bottom of each the name of a Derby winner and the year of his victory appears. The first to catch the eye is "Diomed." He won the Derby in 1780 the year it was established. "Ormond" and others which have carried the name of the English thoroughbred around the world are also honoured with a place in this apartment.

The average person is not aware that when the King goes to the races he takes along his servants food, coal, water and every other article which might be wanted during the visit.

The royal box is large enough to accommodate a dozen or fifteen people. It adjoins the stewards' box in which there is a conspicuous sign stating that the front of it is not to be occupied while races are being run. In other words, the stewards of the Jockey Club the members of the royal family can get a clear view of the course while the horses are racing down the stretch.

At Epsom Downs there is also another small stand about two hundred yards from the larger building. It was erected by the late King Edwards when he was Prince of Wales. So long as Queen Victoria lived he did not take it upon himself to occupy the royal box except when she came to the races. He built this one for the use of himself and friends.

Like all other courses, Epsom has its troubles. Being crown land it is open to the public at all times and two or three roads cross the course. These are closed during the races. This did not cause any

trouble as long as there was nothing but horse-drawn vehicles. The auto, however, made in change, as in wet weather the trucks and heavy cars make ruts in the course which for one hundred and forty-five years has been reserved for the galloping horse. Parliament has been asked to close the roads but this has been found difficult.

### A TRANSFER

During a fierce infantry attack on a German position a British soldier was unfortunate enough to get slightly gassed. It had a peculiar effect—causing a temporary paralysis of the mind. The only thing he could remember was the terrible charge whereby they captured the enemy trench. The position was consolidated, and they sat the gassed man in the corner of a dug-out to recover. Just as the weary men were dropping off to sleep, the man in the corner began to mumble the only thing that occupied his mind.

"Us British didn't 'arf give them Germans 'ell!"

"What's that?" said the Corporal, sitting up.

"Us British didn't 'arm give them Germans 'ell!" he reiterated.

"Oh, shut up!" growled half a dozen voices. Every two minutes the poor chap repeated his homily, until the other occupants of the dug-out gave up sleep as an impossibility.

"Look 'ere", said the Corporal going over to the man, "I can't stick it any longer; you ain't 'urt, and if you ses that any more we'll turn you into a blooming 'Un, that's wot we'll do."

The "gassed" man looked at him vaguely, and then repeated his dismal dirge.

"That's done it!" said the Corporal. He grabbed a captured pickelhaube, placed it on the head of the man, and waved a bayonet before his eyes.

"Now you're a bloomin' 'Un—a German. Understand."

The man looked at him blankly and then nodded his head sadly.

For twenty minutes not a sound was heard but the peaceful breathing of the tired men. All of a sudden the "gassed" man started talking, and this is what he was saying: "Them British didn't 'arf give us Germans 'ell!"

## Letters to the Editor.

Canadian Cavalry Brigade Veterans' Association, Vancouver, B.C.

November 21, 1933.

The Editor, The Goat.

Dear Sir,

It may be of interest to you to hear that the association of old comrades of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade has gained considerably in the matter of numbers since its formation two years ago. At that time we could only muster twenty-seven members whereas now a glance at the roll of members on the back of the menu of our last dinner held November 11, now shows a total of 154.

Many of these as you will see are old R.C.D's and in all probability some of the names will be recognized by comrades in other parts of Canada.

The dinner was a great success 101 sitting down for the occasion, the band of the Irish Fusiliers providing the musical program. The enthusiasm seems to increase as the years go by and there is a strong esprit de corps among all the members. Should any of the old comrades of the regiment find themselves in this part of the world they might do well to be in touch with the secretary E. A. King, 1426 Standard Bank Bldg. Vancouver, and he in turn could put them in touch with any of the old regiment who might be remembered as an old comrade.

Wishing the old regiment all kinds of success.

I remains yours truly

E. A. KING,

Sec.-Treas.

"Did you take my advice and take a drink of whisky after a hot bath?"

I tried to but I couldn't swallow all of the hot bath."

Fire Chief, on arriving at burning building and finding the place enveloped in smoke. "Alright men, take it easy, sit down till it burns down a bit so we can see what we are doing."

The largest turkey farm in New Zealand has been built up from foundation stock secured from turkey breeders in Alberta some years ago.



A SHORTT CIRCUIT.

## Canadian Cavalry Veterans Association

### Roll of Members

Anerum, G. H., .....	Finlayson .....	F.G.H.	Knowles, G. H. ....	R.C.D.	Lt. Stuart .....	L.S.H.
Appleby, W., .....	Fry, W. J. ....	R.C.H.A.	Kavanagh, M. J., .....		Smith, J. ....	
Angerman .....	Major Fleming, E. W., ..	F.G.H.	Learmond, J. ....	R.C.D.	Sneinlyorson, T. ....	
Bruce, George, .....	Farmer, H. W. ....	F.G.H.	Lamb, H. A. ....		Smith, F. H. ....	L.S.H.
Black, George, .....	Ford, E. S., .....	F.G.H.	Large, Ed. ....	M.G.S.	Shearing, E. ....	F.G.H.
Barnden, S. W., .....	Fry, Harold .....		Lynch, T. ....		Season, R. ....	
Boe, George .....	Capt. Griffin. P.G. ....	R.C.D.	Leonard, H. S. ....		Capt. Steeves, R. R. ....	F.G.H.
Buckley, C. R. ....	Green, J. F. ....	L.S.H.	Lt. Leake, E. J., ....	L.S.H.	Skye, George .....	
Bannister, Robert .....	Gray, J. H., ....	R.C.D.	Lepine, E. C. ....	F.G.H.	Sutherland, J. G. ....	
Barter, H. M., ....	Guthrie, A. T. P., ....	R.C.D.	Laverty, M. ....	R.C.D.	Saulding, Corp. J. E. ....	
Bersey, H., ....	Grantham, J. ....	M.G.S.	Littledale, E. T. ....	R.C.D.	Smith, L. H. ....	
Major Bedson, S. L., ....	Gibb, A. ....	F.G.H.	Leigh, R. B. ....	F.G.H.	Sargood, T. A. ....	R.C.D.
Bean, W. A., ....	Gough, H. E. ....		Montador, F. ....	Signals	Scott, W. A. ....	R.C.D.
Bourque, E. W., ....	Gillander, W., ....	R.C.D.	Milligan, T. ....		Smuck, A. H. ....	R.C.D.
Cook, S., ....	Gavin, J. B., ....	R.C.D.	Capt. Matthews .....	M.G.S.	Sgt.-Maj. Smith .....	
Cape, A. K., ....	Henderson, T. W. ....		McVie, W. ....	L.S.H.	Trunkfield, A. H. ....	F.G.H.
Carroll, C. J., ....	Harrison, C. J. ....	L.S.H.	McVickar, F. ....	R.C.D.	Taylor, G. H. ....	
Christopher, H. R., ....	Hoskins, F. ....	L.S.H.	Maddock .....	F.G.H.	Thorne, G. ....	
Cherrington, E. W. ....	Hoskins, Ben. ....	L.S.H.	Mair, J. ....	L.S.H.	Thurlby, W. ....	F.G.H.
Cattrell, C. ....	Houghton, B. ....		Maj. Middlemast, E. W. ..	F.G.H.	Major Thomas, C. H. ....	
Corry, S. ....	Harley, H. ....		Matheson, C. E., ....	F.G.H.	Taylor, A. R. ....	R.C.H.A.
Cooper, A. ....	Haggerty, T. ....	R.C.D.	Moore, C. ....	R.C.D.	Tullis, W. ....	
Lt.-Col. Codville, F.H.M.,	Harrison, R. W., ....	L.S.H.	McDonald, J. ....	F.G.H.	Thorne, William .....	L.S.H.
Conroy, R. ....	Horton, W. ....	L.S.H.	Patterson, M.G. ....	R.C.D.	Talbot, A. ....	
Insp. Cooper, A. S., ....	Henderson, A. L. ....	L.S.H.	Price, L. T. ....	R.C.D.	Trevena, J. ....	F.G.H.
Dr. Curry, J. L., ....	Harley, W. H., ....		Player, J. ....	L.S.H.	Urquhart, Grant .....	R.C.H.A.
Sgt.-Maj. Carr .....	Howe, H. L. ....	R.C.H.A.	Preston, N.G., .....		Vincenzi, J. ....	L.S.H.
Dryden, W. ....	Hannam, J. S. (Associate member		Pierce, F. J. ....		Wiltshire, F. J. ....	R.C.D.
Davis, L. S., ....	First Dorset Yeomanry.)		Payne, Jos. A. ....	R.C.D.	Whitworth, T. ....	R.C.D.
Davis .....	Lt. Horton, P. ....	R.C.H.A.	Pickering, J. ....	R.C.D.	Worthington, R. E. ....	
Dunbar, W. ....	Houston, Y. R. ....		Palmer, G. W. ....		Major Watson, B. ....	
Dixon, Wilton .....	Capt. Haig, R. F., ....	F.G.H.	Prosser, H. ....	R.C.D.	Ward, T. A. ....	
Endacott, D. ....	Hatton, J. J. ....	F.G.H.	Pratt, H. ....	L.S.H.	Waters, Frank .....	R.C.D.
Elliott, John .....	Hatton, J. J. ....	F.G.H.	Ramage, S. H., ....	R.C.H.A.	Walton, Fred H. ....	R.C.D.
Endersley, F. ....	Ingham, Frank .....	R.C.D.	Rankin, K. ....	F.G.H.	Flower, A. ....	L.S.H.
Flowerdew, Eric .....	Hunter, Francis, G. ....	F.G.H.	Maj. Rush, F.C., ....	L.S.H.		
	Hughes, R. W. ....	L.S.H.	Dr. Rutherford, W. J., ....			
	Holiday, E. M. ....	F.G.H.	Rolfe, F. ....	R.C.D.		
	Sgt. Jones, J. F. ....	R.C.D.	Ridgewell, S. C., ....	R.C.H.A.		
	Jesson, James .....	L.S.H.	Sampson, C. ....	R.C.D.		
	Jones, E. G. ....		Sullivan, Tim .....	R.C.D.		
	King, E. A. ....	R.C.D.				

N.B.—The unit and initials are given where the Secretary has this information on the books. Kindly notify him where these deficiencies can be recalled.

# The Blood Feud.

By Norman Reilly Raine

(Continued)

Dietz, shouting in a vain effort to rally his men, who were being swept away by the hail of bullets like smoke wreaths before a gale, went down with a piece of shrapnel in the spine. Muller had been killed in the first burst, and Dieboldt, lost in the dreadful confusion and badly hit was drowning in a shell hole. The remnant of the raiders under a sergeant did the only thing brave men could go. They charged the Gurkha trench. But the parapet was lined with pantherlike figures silent, terrible, with parchment faces, who leaped to meet them, swinging their deadly kukris.

Stunned by the catastrophe and forced to take cover from the avalanche of shell-fire, that flattened the parapet and turned the fire trench into an unspeakable morass, Von Strolich somehow managed to shoot off the signal for retaliation fire to his batteries, and the German guns in turn pounded the Gurkha trenches, while the tribesmen, shivering and half drowned, but grimly content, lay in safety in the shell holes fifty yards to the rear of their pulverized front line and jeered. The artillery fire died away. The machine guns ceased to chatter. Only the rain and the dripping weeds and the rising wind that bit like a lance.

Toward dawn a lone survivor of the raid tumbled into the travesty of the Pomeranian front line, babbling an incoherent story of a brown devil who had pressed something into his fist and pushed him out of the mêlé in the direction of his own lines. Von Strolich thinking of nothing but his butchered raiders and of Dietz's still, clay-spattered face turned to the streaming sky, stared dully down at the survivor's muddy palm. It contained two gold coins. The blood feud was on.

With approach of winter the trenches were bogged, but an occasional day of sunlight and high wind cheered the deadlocked fighters and relieved the drab monotony

of trench life. Such a day marked the return to the line of the Pomeranian Guards. With casualties replaced and confidence restored Von Strolich marched in at the head of his company; and as the band played the battalion to the communication trench leading to the front line and the veterans got under cover until dark, his heart, was light and he hoped, audibly, that the Pomeranians would find themselves opposite Ganesch Lall and his Gurkhas. He no longer held illusions as to the part the tribesman had played in the debacle, and he was keen to even the score. After night-fall the relief was completed and the battalion settled down to the old familiar routine.

In mid-afternoon of the first day a stentorian bellow in an English county voice came from the enemy lines:

"Hi, there, Fritz! Are you 'ungry? 'Ere's some iron rations for yer then!" and a small hard object hurtled across the wire and landed with a thump on the bottom of the Pomeranian trench. The garrison scattered and dropped, waiting breathless for the explosion. It did not come. One by one the guardsmen raised themselves. An under-officer stumped around a corner of the traverse and was told what had occurred. He waited a minute longer, then entered the bay and picked up the missile. It was a sealed container bearing a colored label and the words Fray Bentos—a harmless tin of British bully beef.

"It is all right," he reassured. "This is but a joke of the English swine. They thought to frighten us, or to make friends perhaps. Here! We too shall have our little jest," and procuring a ring of liver sausage, he sent it sailing like a quoit into the British trench.

"Merci, Fritz" the same deep voice responded. "We'll send you more tomorrow."

That night Von Strolich heard about the incident and strafed his men for fraternizing. But on the morrow, at the same hour, two more tins soared across and were pounced upon, it was a pleasant change of diet, and things were returned. On the third day, and the fourth, when the expected tin dropped into the trench, an increasing number of the Pomeranians

scrambled for possession.

On the afternoon of the fifth day when the welcome gift arrived, a half score of joking, scuffling guardsmen threw themselves upon it like a Rugby scrimmage. It burst—filled with shrapnel and high explosive—and the Pomeranian trench was a shambles.

Whistles were blown frantically for the stretcher bearers, but before they reached the scene another tin struck the parapet and rolled to the trench mat. It was not sealed and it did not explode and when it was opened by an ordnance officer whose unpleasant job it was to investigate such things, it was found to contain rubble to give it weight, and two gold coins. The Gurkhas were back in the line.

Von Strolich was jumpy and irritable, and as he paced headquarters dugout, his nerves screwed tense as wires, caused him to start at every sound. The chaffing of his fellow officers drew surly monosyllables, and presently they shrugged and left him alone. He was cracking, and they knew it. His stolid, methodical mind, sound and well informed in the conventional ways of war, could not compass the thing that had come upon him. The vicious enmity apparent whenever they found themselves opposing the Gurkhas had more than the suggestion of a personal quarrel. The return of the coins carried a message unmistakable. It told him, beyond quibble that the little tribesmen had it in for him individually and the coins remaining unpaid were a constant and deadly threat.

Such tactics, he felt, had no place on the Western Front: Life in the trenches was muddy horror enough, without the injection of such savagery. He did not understand it, and so did not know how to meet it. Bombardment did no good. The Gurkhas simply climbed out of their trenches took cover in scattered shell holes and let the German guns hammer away. They suffered few casualties and derived infinite amusement from the game. A raid in force was useless. The tribesmen had the ears and smelling power of jungle animals and in addition no man's land was wholly theirs.

They patrolled at night like leopards, as quiet and as deadly and regardless of weather, and

kept the Pomeranians in a constant state of nerves. Outposts had been butchered revoltingly and without sound. Sentries had been dragged over the very parapet and dawn had shown them, hanging like limp scare-crows in their own wire. None knew at what hour the little brown men would descend in swift and murderous foray. Tonight it was raining again, and Von Strolich looked forward to a little respite for himself and his weary men. But he could not be sure—that was the nerve-racking part of it—and he was wrapped in a profound depression which nothing could shake.

Buckling on his waterproof cape, he left the dugout. The rain and wind smote him and, after the foggy atmosphere of the dugout, chilled him through. He sought out the unappreciative company sergeant major and with him toured his front, checking up the sentries. They visited the outposts and listening posts, crawling on hands and knees through the mud and the wet, thinking weeds. Stump holes were flooded and there was a foot of water in the trenches. He had working parties out, retreating, filling sandbags, strengthening weak points in the parapet reinforcing machine gun emplacements and enfilading points, keying up his men, keeping his mind busy and stifling fear. Still not satisfied, he dragged the disgusted sergeant major out to the wire in front of their position and had it strung with improvised alarms; but these clattered and bellowed in every gust of wind and bedeviled the sentries, so he had then pulled in again, and was forced to rely upon alert senses alone to warn of danger. Something of his mood was communicated in intangible fashion to his men, and there were lifted eye-brows in the dark when he had passed and muttered comment of a kind that presaged demoralization of discipline in sudden emergency. At last the working parties retired, with stump holes clear and drainage restored. He had an extra supply of hand grenades moved up into the front line, and when that was reported done, felt better.

At two in the morning the rain ceased. A half hour later an excited runner reported to Von Strolich who had gone to his dugout to

snatch a few minutes of uneasy sleep, that every sign of enemy activity along the company front had stopped. There was no noise no firing, no flares going up. Drunk with fatigue he stumbled from his bunk, stomach quivering with nervous anticipation.

"Tell the sergeant major to redouble his vigilance," he ordered wearily. "Have a flare sent up every two minutes.

Sick with apprehension he trudged through the muck to the front line. His junior officers were at their posts, uneasy and expectantly watchful. He dispatched a message to battalion, outlining the situation to the commanding officer and asking that necessary arrangements be made for artillery support in case of attack. Far to the right and the left, off their own frontage were the usual laissez faire half-hearted hostilities settled upon the trenches in the early morning hours. But in front, as the runner had said, was dark and utter stillness. The plop of

his own flares made him start, and he took a position in a sniper's post from which he could watch the ground in front. Its hideousness showed in the pallid calcium light as plainly as in the glare of noon. But beyond an occasional scavenger rat, it held no living thing.

For thirty minutes he remained motionless. Then he climbed down and addressed a nearby officer.

"There is nothing," he muttered. "I do not understand—"

"The other held up his hand sharply "Listen!"

Their ears caught a gentle patter which increased to a quick terrifying crescendo, and Von Strolich screamed instant warning. It was the sound of hundreds of bare feet slapping towards them across the mud.

Madly he blew his whistle and the German front line burst into life. Rifle fire crackled along the length of the front. Bombers hurled their grenades at random toward the enemy line and the air

was filled with their peculiar ping-ing bursts. Flares streamed up on every side, criss-crossing in graceful arcs of white fire, and the grim faces, of the machine gunners poured sweat as the belts jerked round. Von Strolich sent up the S.O.S.

In thirty seconds the German batteries responded, marking the ground between the lines and sending never-ceasing fountains of earth sky-ward along the enemy front and support trenches. As a defensive display it was perfect. Nothing could live through that hail of death. The uproar started panic all along the line and the flanks for a mile or more, both German and British joined in the show.

It was an hour before the last reluctant detonation died away and Von Strolich hearing only the sullen mutter of distant guns, rubbed his hands jubilantly. Not one of the enemy had reached his wire. That would teach the yellow dogs a lesson. He leaned once more upon

the parapet listening. Then, as he stepped back upon the trench mat, from the Gurkha trench came appeal after peal of loud sardonic laughter. In a wave of bitterness, the Pomeranian understood and he ground his teeth and stamped his heel into the earth. He had been tricked again. The Gurkhas had not tried to come across. They had simply patted their wet parapet with the palms of their hands.

An hour later they repeated the performance and in spite of the fact that they knew they had been played with before. Von Strolich's ragged-nerved sentries blazed away again once more the alarm spread to the flank and caused the useless expenditure of thousands of rounds of ammunition, tailed off by the Gurkhas' ironic laughter. To sweeten Von Strolich's temper, too, came a note from brigade forwarded by his colonel, entreating him, not to be a fool. Resentful and desperate, he ordered his men to disregard it if it occurred again.

Sleep now was out of the ques-

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Milk is one of the most nourishing foods obtainable and should be included in the daily diet of every person. Drink at least a quart a day of milk which you know to be pure, rich and wholesome for.....health!

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tion, and he prowled about the trenches in mental torment until nearly dawn. The battalion was to be relieved that night, and earnestly he prayed that they would be ordered to another part of the line. He had had enough.

Stand-to, that hour when the opposing forces manned their trenches in strength against the favorite time of attack came just before daybreak and the Pomeranian trenches were crowded with

men. Von Strolieh and his officers moved slowly along the company front, inspecting the troops and making certain that everything was in good order. All showed the effect of the strain of the night.

Suddenly their ears again were assailed by that disturbing patter on the mud. Now, however, the men were under better control. They were not going to be fooled again.

"Don't fire!" Von Strolieh shouted.

The sound increased in volume, beating upon their eardrums, but the men in the trench stood tense, without movement. Let the fools play. They would not bite this time.

The sentry's scream of warning ended in a hacking grunt, and his body tumbled back into the trenches. The Gurkhas were upon them, steaming in a yellow horde over the parapet, into the crowded trench. The narrow trench rang with shouts blows, the groans of the fallen, the clash of steel, the impotent crack of pistols. There was no space for bayonet or rifle work; the tribesmen were on them too quickly, and the luckless Pomeranians were as men unarmed. Cramped and unable to use their superior weight against the chunky little men from the Himalayas, they fought desperately for a few minutes with fist and boot and teeth, but against that unblinking savagery their blood turned to water and they gave, broke and ran. The Gurkhas pursued them. No flesh could stand against the fury of their attack.

Von Strolieh, with his back to the trench wall, fought white-lipped for his life. He was not a coward, and when his emptied automatic failed to respond, he used the butt.

There was a great roaring in his brain. He warded off a glancing blow and sent an assailant into writhing agony with a terrific kick in the stomach. But they were too many for him. They climbed on and over him like gigantic cats, hindering the kill by their very violence to get at him.

Scarlet specks danced before his bulging eyes and he warded off the murderous sweep of a heavy blade at the cost of his left arm. He was near his end, and

for one sickening moment he knew it. Then, as he roused himself for a last despairing effort, a leaping shape blotted out the rising sun, bounded across the parapet and into the trench.

It was the wolf of the Himalayas Jugundra Sur. Close behind him Ganesh Lal knocked aside the hand of Jugundra Sur as the hillman slashed downward in a mighty sweep.

"Nay! This man is mine," he screamed, and launched himself at the Pomeranian's throat. In a tangled heap they went to the bottom of the trench. Von Strolieh threw off the Gurkha and half rose to his knee. He never saw it coming, that flash of bright descending steel.

A quarter of an hour later, burdened with loot, the Gurkhas trotted contentedly back to their own trenches and prosaically took over against the inevitable artillery counterblow. And when the Pomeranian supports crept cautiously forward up the now deserted trenches, to reinvest their front line, they came upon the body of Edmund Eric Von Strolieh of the Guards. Upon his breast in regular order, like the insignia of a decoration, lay two pieces of shining gold.

#### HE JUST COULDN'T TAKE IT

Among the spectators who witnessed the parade recently held in Montreal was an ex-drag known to most of us down on the Farm as 'Monk' Dougherty. When the Royal Canadian Dragoons marched by, the first thing Monk saw was our old friend John D. of First Troop riding at the head of the column, and carrying a Trumpet mind you. "Do my eyes deceive me?" asked Monk to himself. "Or am I just seeing things?" this was too much for Monk who promptly fainted. From that day Doctors have reported that he is recovering and will be doing nicely for Christmas.

Overheard on a recruits' class while on sword drill—

Recruit: "Who invented this sword, Sergeant?"

Sergeant: "I did."

Recruit: "Do they call you Ripley, Sergeant?"

A sense of humor is a shock-absorber that will save you from many a cruel jolt in life.

## A Quiet Christmas at the Front.

By F. A. MacKenzie

With Courtesy of "The Veteran"

Most of us, when Christmas comes, recall the Christmases of other days. The happiest Christmas is, of course, at home. For some years, it seemed my fate never to be with my wife and children at Christmas time. One very jolly and cheerful Noel, was spent in a lumber town. Another gay occasion was aboard a steamer in the Pacific. Three or four none too cheerful Christmases were passed in Moscow. The most tragic of all was in the city of Irkutsk, when the great famine was slaying its thousands daily in Russia. I was the first foreigner to enter Siberia from the Russian side, after the great war between the Reds and the Whites, and a Russian companion and myself had had a pretty rough experience on our way to Irkutsk. There had been a bad smash up at Taiga, and at Omsk the station master had tried to hold us up and exploit us. Incidentally, he was tried afterwards by a military court for this and narrowly escaped death. All our journey long, we were freezing and half starving—freezing because there was no fuel to be had to warm the trains, although the temperature was far down below zero, and half starving because there was no food to buy, beg or steal.

When we reach Irkutsk on Christmas Eve, we found refuge in the filthiest house that I have ever seen. That night we managed to buy a little food and ate, it eagerly, only to discover later how bad it was. On Christmas Day I—scarcely able to crawl along myself—was busy nursing my Russian companion who seemed to be dying. We were both rather badly poisoned.

The most thrilling Christmas that I ever spent was in the lines in 1916. There had been a lot of trouble in France over Christmas celebrations. On the morning of Christmas Day, 1914 in rat



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haunted, vermin stricken, muddy trenches, somewhere to the south of Ypres a German soldier showed himself above the parapet, signalling in friendly fashion. Some of our lads signalled back. The German waved a string of sausages, and one of our boys waved back a box of chocolates. A voice came over in English 'It's Christmas day Let us forget the—war.' Thereupon the German soldier, just as muddy in his field grey as our boys were in their khaki, vaulted over their trenches—our lines were close together at this point—into No Man's Land. One of the British Tommies leapt over too. These two men, who, the previous day had been trying to kill one another, shook hands and wished one another a "Merry Christmas" The German had been a clerk in a London office.

"Merry Christmas," again said the German.

"Merry Christmas," again said the Tommy.

And then the others came over the top until in No Man's Land

surely the most extraordinary Christmas feast that ever had been or ever will be was held. They sang and exchanged food and smokes. When dusk came on, each drew back to his own side. That night, fighting began again in earnest.

Now, such a thing, you will readily understand, is quite fatal to military discipline. In war you must learn to hate your enemy, not to have a Christmas feast with him. God knows we had enough cause for hatred. Such a thing as that gathering in No Man's Land, begun in all good nature, might have led to an enemy trap on either side. And so, the strictest orders were issued from G. H. Q., from Corps, from Division and from Brigade, backed by all the authority of all the highest and the lowest of the "red tabs" that this Christmas there was to be "no fraternising."

I was a war correspondent, duly and officially accredited. Mine was supposed, by those who did not do our work, to be a pretty "cushy" job. Maybe it was. I had expected

to spend this Christmas day with my wife and my little children in London, having just returned there from a journey along some other part of the line. But I received instructions, not from my editor, but from a certain branch of the Intelligence Department, that it would be a good thing for me to describe for the people of Canada how their boys at the front spent Christmas. The train was leaving Victoria next morning at a certain hour and I was to be there.

The Channel steamer landed us at Calais in place of the usual Boulogne. It was a strange Christmas Eve at Calais! The place was in absolute darkness, for there had been some heavy German air raids. Heavy storms at sea had upset things, and a ship had run ashore at the mouth of Boulogne harbor, paralyzing traffic there. It was raining heavily. Numbers of men, home for Christmas, were held up, unable to get away. Numbers more, who had just come in, could not get back to their battalions. I was fortunate to find a friend go-

ing down in a staff car. Tearing along the black, dark roads, behind the lines, there was one moment when the hearts of all of us stood still. We had just avoided one obstruction on the road, when, suddenly we were right on a military motor cyclist, whom the obstruction had hidden. Despite the quickest swerve by our driver, we caught the machine and sent it and the man hurling to the side into a field. We jumped out and hurried up to him expecting a dead man and a wrecked motor cycle. But before we could get there, he was trying to stand on his feet again. By one of these lucky chances that sometimes happen, he had escaped almost un-injured and his motor cycle was still able to function.

A group of lads whom I knew—if I remember right, they were from a Nova Scotia battalion—had prepared a nice little surprise for 'Jerry' on Christmas morning, a surprise which, later on in the day, was to re-act on us. They had argued, and rightly

that the Germans would never expect a raid on their trenches on this of all days, and so they went out to give him what he was not looking for. In those days, preparations for a small, sudden raid were quite elaborate. You blackened your face, neck and hands, so that your flesh would not reveal itself, and you took a good supply of bombs supplemented sometimes by a useful little weapon called a knob kerri. The knob kerri can best be described as a cross between a club and a policeman's baton, with knobs on it. One blow from it was reckoned sufficient to knock out anybody, and in fighting in the confined quarters of the trenches, the knob kerri could often be used much more effectively than the bayonetting rifle.

My young friends did all that they expected. They crept up to the German's trenches without being perceived, and cleaned up one length in record time, bombing every dug out, capturing three prisoners and dealing in effective fashion with the men in the open trenches. Then they made a quick retreat, their prisoners with them. They told me all about it a day or two afterwards. They were rather proud of themselves, as they had a right to be.

But when I reached one stretch of the line, the enemy were hitting back. Christmas or no Christmas, they were not going to take this kind of thing lying down, and accordingly, they were straffing this section of the line good and plenty. The place was quite lively, the sound of the shells tearing towards you as though a great stretch of thick cotton sheeting was being torn asunder the heavens to the earth. The shells, as they burst, sent up their thick volume of smoke and fragments. "Isn't it funny," remarked one man, who was with me, after we raised our heads again from ducking, when a shell burst much too close to be pleasant, "Isn't it funny to think that if one of these little fragments hit us, it would do us in?" Some people have a strange sense of humour!

I was due to lunch with a battalion that had come out of the line two days before, and was now staying in a quiet French village. The lads had had two days to rest, and in two days you can

do wonderful things. Even the sleet, the rain and the snow, that were making the landscape still more miserable than it otherwise was, could not dishearten them. They were in the humour for Christmas and Christmas celebrations had started early. There had been an early Communion service in the foremost dug out, and after church service the great feast of the day was coming. Most of the Christmas parcels had not arrived, for traffic in the Channel was very dangerous just then, and the crashing of the ship in the storm, right at the entrance to Boulogne harbour, had held back supplies.

The village was mainly made up, as many villages about that part were, of several great farms, each with its great midden and dung heap in the centre, and with the big farm buildings all around. These buildings had been turned into barracks, and the barns made into living and sleeping places. They were very dark, for they had no windows and it was much too cold to keep the doors open. The only illumination was feeble candles and there was none too much space. Moreover, the tiles were very loosely laid and there were plenty of cracks in the wood work to ensure ample ventilation. Sleeping in one of these barns, you might have been frozen to death, but you certainly would not die of suffocation, however tightly the barn was packed.

There were lines of roughly made bunks on either side of the long barns. Right around the centre were long tables, with candles stuck on them, green stuff hung on the walls, with Christmas cards and other illustrations, which I need not more particularly describe.

Now came monster baking dishes full of turkey and bacon, great piles of boiled corn, plenty of vegetables, lashings of apple sauce and gallons of gravy. The officers had sent scouts out, days before, buying up farmer's stocks. Life in the cold of the Arras trenches certainly made for good appetites. "Give me Christmas once a week," said one husky lad.

The men filed along, holding their tin canteens in their hands for their turkey and bacon, vegetables and goodies, all in one great

pile. The wisest buck private brought a wash-hand basin to hold his. Here you could come and come again. There was plenty for all.

A visitor, who had not known what these young fellows had gone through recently, might have pictured them as the lightest hearted crowd in the world. There was laughter a plenty, humour, some of it rather heavy, and sarcasm some of it very deadly. I knew this battalion. As I looked round the ranks, I noted the absence of old friends who had "gone West" during the last fortnight, caught by shell or gas.

I knew that some of those around me had been two, three and four times wounded, seriously wounded. Does anyone, who has not endured it, know the agony that a serious wound often means? Three times seriously wounded, yet here they were, back in the ranks doing their job and keeping on.

I shall never forget how a boy from Alberta turned on a comfortably placed politician, who was visiting the lines, who asked him how he liked it. The young Westerner, as it happened, had just seen his chum "done in" that morning, and his nerves were raw. "Like it?" he turned round sharply to the visitor "What th' hell does it matter whether I like it or not I'm doing it, aren't I, and I am going to keep on doing it, till we finish the job. So are the rest of us. But like it? You make me sick!"

The Colonel himself went round inspecting the Christmas dinner and made a short, cheery, friendly talk, that showed how near he and the boys were together. "May this be our last Christmas in the trenches," he said. When it came to my turn, let me frankly admit that I did not know what to say, to talk sentiment would have been absurd. Life was much too real here and much too grim for heroic, high falutin' talk. And so I compromised by giving my message in as matter of fact way that I could, and promising to send a message back of remembrance and Christmas greeting.

Our position was facing Vimy Ridge. The Canadians had just come up from the Somme with its mud and its horrors, and had taken over the long stretch in front of what the Germans consi-

dered one of their most invincible positions. They held the top of the ridge and had fortified it so strongly that it seemed impossible that it could be taken. Certainly they never thought that they could lose it. When, months later, I visited some of their officers' dug outs which they had built at the bottom of the other side of the hill, I realized that they they had planned them as though they were going to remain on the spot for years. They had finely ornamented room, panelled corridors and all the delights of civilization. But the British G.H.Q. had made up its mind that Vimy presented the right spot for a new attack forward, and the Canadians were to make it.

Miles behind the ridge on our side one would come on carefully concealed gun emplacements. Artillery was being hurried in such quantities as was had never known before. The troops were just entering into a plan of special training that was to last until Easter when the attack would be launched. Meanwhile it was the business of the troops to keep the Germans pleasantly occupied, to rouse no suspicions either by too great activity or too great quiet. We were to lull them into a sense of security, and then to strike.

There were various entertainments in the village that afternoon but I could not stop for them. I was due in the front lines.

The communicating trenches were very long. It was impossible to show yourself by daylight for miles behind our front without being observed by the German gunners and receiving their ready attention. The only way was to walk along the narrow trenches with their "bath-mat" paths. "Bath mats" are, of course little stretches of latticed woodwork, so arranged that the rain runs through them. Housewives use them in their sculleries, to keep their feet dry. The soldiers used them in the trenches. Without them, one would have sunk in the mud at every step. It was after three in the afternoon before I reached the dug out of the colonel in charge of the company holding the front line. He was having his little Christmas festival. A tin of shortbread had arrived by post when most other

Christmas packages had failed to come. We sat in his cold, wet and dripping dug out, talking of a hundred things—but never of the things that lay nearest to our hearts.

It was getting dark now, time to inspect the front lines. Our trenches here were so deep in mud that it was impossible to keep them in shape or order. The rain which had held off for part of the afternoon, was coming on again. We could hear the heavy "crump" of the German "rum jars" being fired on a trench some distance to our left. The officer who accompanied me tried to lead the way through one trench, but we could not go far. Three men had been stuck in the mud of that trench the day before and had had to be pulled out with ropes. It seemed to us that, at any step, one might suddenly sink head deep in this sea of water-soaked earth. I recalled the old joke about the Scottish soldier in Ypres, in the early days of the war. A comrade making his way through the trenches, had secured what he thought a firm footing in the mud, but found after a time, that he was standing on the Scots soldier's head. He rescued him. "Jock" he said "but I didn't feel half as bad as the man whose head I was tramping on!"

Now we were out beyond our old trenches creeping low through No man's land going from pool to pool, shell hole to shell hole, making no sound, using the cover of every bit of bush and ready to keep rigidly still at the first sound of a German flare, or at the first hiss, to drop quickly straight down, faces in the mud, to avoid observation. Now we were further on, close to the German wire, within listening distance had it been a quiet night, of the German sentries.

I looked around. There were the men of the outpost we had come to visit, soaked in mud, helmets, even gas masks, water-proofs, trench boots, everything. I was never able to find waterproofs or leather goods that could keep out the mud of Vimy or the Somme; nor could anyone else. Every man carefully guarded two things from the mud, his rifle ammunition and his bombs. The breach blocks of the rifles were clean. For the rest, men

and clothes were just mud patches.

The Captain went over the instructions with the Sergeant in a low voice. The squad had little time to notice us. They were watching and listening, with the intentness of hunters after wild prey. At any moment, a German patrol might alight on them. At any moment, if the enemy obtained the slightest suspicion of their presence the long "rip" of machine gun bullets and the "ping" of the snipers' rifles would tell of death hurrying to meet them.

"A merry Christmas!" It sounded a mockery. They could not even think, there in that morass of mud and shell holes, that this was Christmas.

Back again, out of No Man's Land on to the "bath mats" and a long walk back through the trenches. It was pitch dark, now and stormy. Some of the "bath mats" had not been fixed down very securely and if you trod on one end of them, they had a way of throwing you over. Here and there it was possible to see how one was going, by an occasional low flash of one's electric pocket lamp, but generally this was not allowed. To show a light meant to invite a German shell. At last, after what seemed miles, we were out in the open country again, where it was possible to walk on the surface once more.

Horses that were to have been waiting for us at this spot had not arrived. There a search for a field telephone, enquiries from one place and another, and at last, the discovery of some animals that we could use. I had promised to dine that night with the officers of a friendly battalion. The hour for dinner was already past, and their mess was some miles away. There came a mad gallop through black desolation. The only signs of life one could see were the flashes of light on the distant hills, flares which showed how either side was searching for the other. There was an irregular tattoo of distant shells exploding, none near us. A heavy hail storm was falling in earnest now, cutting into one's skin as our horses tore along.

At last a village door was flung open an orderly stood ready to take our horses, cheerful lights were

shining, a well laden table, a Christmas tree, and warming drinks for the inner man awaited us.

"Take off these things" commanded the Colonel. "Get on something dry. Your dinner's being kept hot." A Major proved to be nearest my size and he loaned me a spare uniform. Very soon I was back in the dining room again, with the mud scraped off my face and hands, in dry clothes feeling wonderfully content.

What a night it was! There was a big open fire in that old French room and after I had satisfied my inner man, I joined the circle around it. Everyone was in the highest spirits, for the Brigade had done wonderfully in the last month and was going to do still more wonderfully in the future. There were yarns to be exchanged, tales of adventures in many lands, Christmas toasts to be drunk, chestnuts to be roasted, and songs to be sung. But, even as I sat, warming myself at the glowing fire and listening to the howling storm outside, I could not move from my brain the vision of the men I had seen, a few hours before, close to the German wires mud soaked, half frozen, open eyed, facing death.

That Christmas Day on Vimy Ridge was to every soldier there a comparatively easy day. To a man in the fighting at Cambrai, to anyone who was in the advance of Passchendaele or who had shared any one of a hundred and one experiences which every battalion endured, a day like this was a "giddy holiday." (P.S. I have known other abjective or be used.) My companions on that Christmas Day were within a few weeks, to go through experiences which would make mere mud seem a bed of down. Many of them 'went West' before the summer was over. Some I met again in casualty station and military hospital.

Was their sacrifice worth while? I, who was a spectator rather than an active participant in most of the fighting that I witnessed, can ask it for some of those who were there. They did their part, the Canadians at Vimy and in many another fight the "Old Contemptibles," the Territorial Armies, the men from Australia, New Zea-

land and from every part of the Empire. Along their side, the Royal Newfoundland Regiment stands in worthy place. The men of the First Battalion, who paid the price of the war to the full, from Gallipoli to the last battles around Passchendaele, set this Dominion an example that, please God, will never be forgotten.

- Was their tremendous endurance worth while? Have the people who did not fight proved that they realize and remember that it was? What of the war victims, the men who emerged from the great conflict with nerves shattered, physique weakened and may be with permanent physical hurt? Have the stay-at-homes looked after them? I hope that they have in every part of the Empire.

Happily the question whether the courage of our brother and sons was worth while does not depend on the memories of the men who never saw France. We know what the fighting men accomplished. Had they not done, time after time the seemingly impossible, had they not endured, as surely men have never been called upon to endure before, our Empire could not have lived. And I am one of those who believe that the British Empire, in spite of shortcomings, faults and mistakes, has been and is one of the great world factors for liberty, justice and good government. Had the men in the ranks not saved it, we would have passed under a tyranny that would have changed the face of the world and changed it infinitely for the worse.

And those, who to-day glance sorrowfully at the empty places at their tables, where sons and brothers would have been but for the Great War, can at least remember with pride that, if they paid the great price, it was for a great cause.

Sandy, recently married took his wife down to an aviation field, where he was offered a ride in a plane at the rate of a pound a minute. "Too dear," replied Sandy.

"I'll tell what I'll do," remarked a flier. "I'll take both you and your wife up and if you don't say a word during the trip it'll cost you nothing." up they went and after a rather giddy ride they landed again.

## AN EYE FOR COLOR

The Canadian Soldier strolled into a first-class compartment of a L. & N.W. train, and made himself comfortable in a corner seat. The only other occupants were two elderly ladies.

The Canadian took out a cigarette case, then noticing that it was not a smoking compartment, said:

"Say, I guess I got the wrong box! Do you ladies object to my smoking?"

Both ladies beamed affably and assured him they didn't mind a bit, whereat he lighted a cigarette and was happy. Two minutes later an austere looking old gentleman entered. He took the seat opposite the Canadian, and, as he sat down dropped his ticket on the floor. The soldier dived down and rescued it, smiling enigmatically at the owner as he handed it to him.

A little later the old gentleman began to sniff and look around him. It wasn't long before he discovered the cause of the smell.

"This is not a smoking compartment," he said significantly.

"I know that, but I got the ladies' permission," replied the Canadian.

"Nevertheless, I object, and although you were kind enough to rescue my ticket, I must ask you to cease smoking."

The Canadian took not the slightest notice but went on puffing away serenely.

The old gentleman got very excited and called the guard.

"Guard, I object to this gentleman smoking in a non-smoking car riage."

"Sorry, sir," said the guard to the soldier, "I must ask you either to stop smoking or find a smoking compartment."

"First of all," said the soldier, "I should like you to examine that gentleman's ticket."

The old gentleman stammered a refusal, and blushed crimson. The guard began to get suspicious.

"May I trouble you, sir?" he said.

"What right has that gentleman to—"

"I must insist, sir," interrupted the guard sternly.

Finding further protest useless, the ticket was produced, and proved to be a third-class one.

The old gentleman was bundled out bag and baggage into a third-class compartment, and the Canadian went on smoking. The two ladies were highly amused.

"Excuse me," said one of them, "but how did you know he had a third-class ticket?"

The Canadian grinned broadly.

"Snakes! It was like stealing candy from a baby. I saw the color of it—it was the same as mine!"

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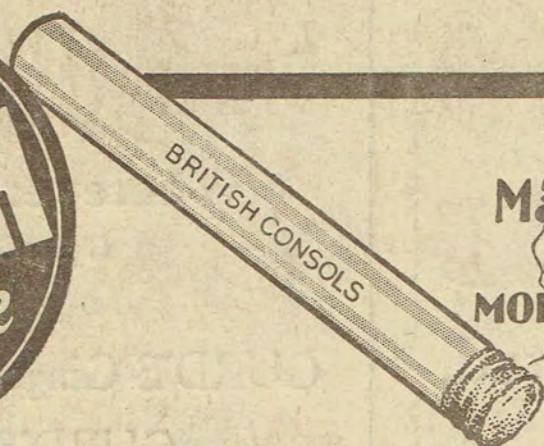


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